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WEEKLY

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Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1900.

NO. 50.

THE CITIZEN

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IDEAS.

Activity is not always industry.
Order is a man's greatest need and his true well being.—Amaiel.

A life of pleasure is the most unpleasing life in the world.—Goldsmith.

Be a philosopher; but, amidst all your philosophy, be still a man.—Hume.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen.—Lowell.

Commencement Week.

Wednesday, May 30, Memorial Day.

Friday, June 1, Anniversary of Literary Societies.

Saturday, June 2, Academy Exhibition.

Sunday, June 3, Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. W. H. Hubbard, Auburn, N. Y.

Monday, June 4, Address before Literary Societies.

Tuesday, June 5, Concert by Music Department.

Wednesday, June 6, Commencement Day; Graduating Exercises at 9:00 A. M.; Commencement Address, 1:30 P. M. by Rev. Wallace Nutting, D. D., of Providence, Rhode Island.

Foreign News.

Mrs. Gladstone is reported critically ill.

The Prince of Wales has opened a bazar for the sufferers of the South African war.

Lord Roberts' infantry forces were within thirty five miles of the Vaal River, on Thursday.

The dates for the Paris Exposition athletic games have been changed in order to do away with contests on Sunday.

Pres. Kruger has issued a proclamation asking the people of the Transvaal to tell him if they desire to continue the war or to sue for peace.

National News.

The Cuban census shows a loss in population, due to the war, of 200,000.

In St. Louis on Friday afternoon a street car was attacked by boys and men and about one hundred shots were fired.

Great crowds attended the Boer meeting in Washington addressed by Senator Wellington, Bourke Cockran, the Boer envoys and others.

Pres. McKinley observed the total eclipse from the dispatch boat Dolphin off the coast of Virginia, near Old Point Comfort.

The National Mothers Congress adjourned its session in Des Moines on Friday. The congress expects to meet next year in Buffalo or Milwaukee.

The House passed a bill appropriating \$200,000 to reimburse Confederate soldiers whose houses and other property were taken from them after the surrender at Appomattox.

Kentucky News.

Mrs. John Leach, of Mt. Sterling, died Saturday night from the effects of Morphine.

The Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs is holding its annual session now at Covington.

Many Confederate veterans are expected in Louisville this week to attend the Confederate soldiers reunion.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. J. H. Garrison at the Madison Institute on Sunday, May 27.

Col. H. P. Potter, of Bowling Green banker died recently. Mr. Potter was a member of one of the oldest families in the state.

There is some fear that the Clay county feud will be renewed. There is strong feeling occasioned by the Davidson and Philpot shooting.

Locals and Personals.

Bicycle for sale at CITIZEN Office.
F. L. Dickinson and several others were here from Richmond to attend Field Day.

Don't forget the Anniversary of Literary Societies at the Chapel Friday night.

O. P. Green and wife of Winchester are visiting friends and relatives in our midst.

George R. Roberts, a former student of Berea, of Hamilton, O., is here for commencement.

Miss Maggie Elliott arrived in Berea from Oberlin yesterday on her way home near Wallaceton.

John Burdette arrived home from Georgetown yesterday, where he has been attending school the past five months.

An umbrella was left in the Printing-office about May 24th. Owner may have same by paying for this notice.

Deputy Sheriff Preston, T. A. Robinson, and C. A. VanWinkle were in Mt. Vernon the first of the week as witnesses in the Mullins case.

Ballard's Snow Liniment cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sick Headache, sore Throat, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Old Sores, Corns, and all pain and inflammation. The most penetrating liniment in the world. Price, 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The Ladies' Glee Club gave a lawn party and spread at the Conservatory last Monday evening to which they invited the Gentlemen's Glee Club.

In constipation Herbine affords a natural, healthful remedy, acting promptly. A few small doses will usually be found to so regulate the excretory functions that they are able to operate without any aid whatever. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Rev. T. H. McWhinney, Dayton, O., a trustee of the College, has been giving some interesting and helpful talks and sermons at the Chapel the past week.

Many a fair young child, whose pallor has puzzled the mother, until she has suspected rightly her darling was troubled with worms, has regained the rosy hue of health with a few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge. Price, 25 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Some well-known sportsmen with their noted fox dogs had a good chase on Blue Lick Knob last Saturday night and after an all-night's ramble they wound up on the trail of a rabbit.

John Van Winkle, representing the Wrought Iron Range Co., of St. Louis, was in Berea over Sunday visiting friends and relatives. He left Monday for his home in Oakley, Ky., where he will spend a few days.

Unless a woman eats sufficient nourishing food she can neither gain nor keep a good complexion. Food when digested, is the base of all health, all strength, and all beauty. Herbine will help digest what you eat and give you the clear, bright, beautiful skin of health. Price 50 and 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment as a curative and healing application for Piles, Pissures, blind and bleeding, external or internal, and Itching and Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate and cure infallible. Price, 50 cts. in bottle tube 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Recruits.

A. S. Fleming, First Lieut. 6th Artillery, Recruiting Officer at Lexington, Ky., has just received orders from the War Department, to recruit for the following regiments: Heavy Batteries, 1st Artillery, Fort Barracas, Florida. 2nd. Infantry, Fort Thomas, Ky. Also recruiting for regiments now in the Philippine Islands, these recruits will be sent to the Presidio, San Francisco, Cal. Applicants desiring to remain in this country will be sent to Columbus Barracks, Columbus, Ohio, and may be assigned to either Cavalry or Infantry. A sub-station is at Ashland, Ky., which will remain open until June, 30th next.

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At the
Printing-office.

Field Day.

The rain last Thursday made it necessary that Field Day be put off until the following day. The delay however did not detract from the success of the occasion and the rain only freshened and enlivened everything for the next day. A good crowd gathered at the fair grounds early in the day and everything went off better than had probably been expected.

The band added much to the pleasure of the occasion and the boys are to be congratulated on the good music they furnished.

The winners and records of events were as follows:

50 yard dash—1st, Humphrey; 2nd, Suffer. Time, 6 sec.

Shooting match—1st, Begley; 2nd, Walker.

Shot put—1st, Tye; 2nd, Tinsley. Distance, 30 ft. 11 in.

100 yard dash—1st, Humphrey; 2nd, Suffer. Time, 10 4-5 sec.

High kick—1st, Gabbard; 2nd, Hubbard. Distance, 7 ft. 4 in.

Chinning the bar—Tie, Chapman and J. C. Chapin, 12 times each.

120 yard hurdle—1st, Berry; 2nd, Tye. Time, 17 sec.

Base ball distance—1st, Pearl; 2nd, Washburn. Distance, 277 ft. 2 in.

Mile run—1st, Berry; 2nd, Field. Time, 5 min. 7 4-5 sec.

220 yard dash—1st, Humphrey; 2nd, Suffer. Time, 24 4-5 sec.

Standing broad jump—1st, Berry; 2nd, Spink. Distance, 9 ft 6 in.

Running broad jump—1st, Spink; 2nd, Begley. Distance, 17 ft. 1 in.

440 yard dash—1st, Tinsley; 2nd, Humphrey. Time, 58 4-5 sec.

Running high jump—1st, Berry; 2nd, Tye. Distance, 4 ft. 9 1-2 in.

Running hop, step, and jump—1st, Berry; 2nd, Tye. Distance, 39 ft. 9 1-2 in.

Standing high jump—1st, Berry; 2nd, Williams. Distance, 4 ft. 4 1-2 in.

One half mile walk—1st, Chapin; 2nd, Embree. Time, 4 min. 15 4-5 sec.

Base ball at mark—1st, Murphy; 2nd, Beatty.

Mile relay race—Duncan House team.

Tennis game—winners, Lodwick and Paddock.

Base ball game—winning team, No. 1. Score, 18 to 12.

Berry won the gold medal, the prize for points, while Humphrey came second and Tye third.

Alpha Zeta Society received a prize staff from the Utile Dulce Society for winning more points than either of the other societies.

We are in receipt of a program and an invitation to attend the annual commencement exercises of the High School, of Milroy, Pa., for which we are indebted to Prof. J. T. Baker, of that institution, and who presents the diplomas to the graduating class of six members. We also notice on the program that Rev. C. Rexford Raymond, A. M., Professor in Berea College, is to address the class. The invitation and program are very neat.

Ordained.

Last week we received marked copies of the Oberlin News containing a full account of the ordination of C. Rexford Raymond. The services were held at the Second Congregational church in Oberlin. The following is from the News: "Mr. Raymond will go to Berea, Ky., and divide his time between teaching in the college and university extension work among the people of the mountain regions, after graduating from the Seminary next week. Having devoted considerable time to that work and other lines of public speaking, he is well prepared for a successful career, and it may be expected that he will make a good record."



T. A. ROBINSON, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Do your eyes give you any trouble? What a horrible sensation you experienced when you looked upon that unfortunate blind man and realized his deplorable condition.

Have you ever thought of yourself—thought that by your persistent carelessness you might some day have the same affliction?

Unless by accident, blindness always comes one way—by neglect. Eyes become weak; you strain them. They become weaker; you continue your carelessness; at last it is too late, your case is hopeless—no help—no cure.

Come in to-day. I will examine and tell you just what is needed free! Then, if you like, I will supply you at reasonable prices.

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At prices to suit the times. Material and work first-class.

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For Sale.

37 1/2 acres good Estil county land. Young peach orchard and some apple trees. Small cottage and out-buildings. Good limestone spring—lasts all summer. Land lies four miles south-east of Panola railroad station and seven miles south-west of Irvine. Address, W. D. Smith, Box 204, Berea, Ky. or 324 Wells St., Chicago Ill.

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LEWIS A. DAVIS, Medicine and Surgery Berea, Ky. Office in Hanson Bld. 9-23-00

E. B. McCOY, Dentist, Berea, Kentucky. 6-28-00

THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

BEREA, - - - KENTUCKY.

Lida Williams, colored, died near Louisville, Ala., recently at the age of 122 years. She was born in Virginia and claimed to have seen Washington several times. She lived to see five generations of her own. Her youngest son, who is 86 years old, bought the coffin and shroud.

A lady named Alexander has been appointed and confirmed postmaster of Elizabethton, Carter county, Tenn. The word "postmaster" is used advisedly, for the government does not officially recognize such a title as postmistress. Miss Alexander bears the curious Christian name of Secorita.

The thousands of pilgrims who annually make their way from Nashville, Tenn., to the Hermitage, where Andrew Jackson and his wife sleep, will soon have railroad accommodations for their benefit. The number of visitors to the Hermitage has increased to such proportion that a spur railroad has become a necessity.

One of the most unique laws ever passed will shortly go into effect in Winchester, W. Va. The city council of that place passed a law requesting every citizen to pour kerosene oil or every open pool and that every open rain barrel shall have the spigot at the bottom. The town is infested with mosquitoes, and the law was passed in order to make the place an attractive resort for summer boarders.

F. M. Spawn, aged 19, a school teacher at Alto Pass, Ill., has exploded all psychological theories regarding the capacity of the human stomach by eating and drinking in one evening in addition to his regular supper one can of tomatoes, one can of peas, one can of sardines, seven glasses of soda water and two quart bottles of temperance drinks. This is only one of many like achievements by which he has astonished his acquaintances.

Czar Nicholas II. has presented to the French government a mosaic map of France in precious stones which will be exhibited at the Paris exhibition. The map is one meter square and is framed in slate-colored jasper. The sea is represented in light gray marble, the departments in jasper of various colors and the rivers in platinum. The names are inlaid in gold and 106 towns are marked by gems, Paris being represented by a diamond.

George Foster Robinson, who saved the life of Secretary of State Seward when Lewis Payne, a member of the Booth gang, attempted to assassinate him at the same time that Booth shot Lincoln, is still living in Pomona, Cal. He was serving as a guard in the sick chamber of Seward when Payne, who had overpowered Seward's son, broke into the room. He received the thanks of congress and was promoted from the rank of private to that of major.

A cloud of bugs was recently responsible for the calling out of the Trenton fire department. The bugs were gathered around the steeple of the Fourth Presbyterian church in such numbers and at such a distance from the ground that a passer-by mistook them for smoke and sent in an alarm. When the fire department arrived on the scene Chief Allen, with the aid of a field glass, discovered the mistake, and the fire companies returned to their houses.

To-day the south produces on an average of 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 bales of cotton, representing, including the cotton-seed, a valuation of from \$350,000,000 to \$400,000,000. This enormous crop is produced on 5 per cent. of the total area of the cotton region. Of the entire cotton-growing territory of the south, only 20 per cent. is now in improved land. It is possible, with new land added to the cotton-growing area and with more scientific cultivation, to increase our cotton production to 100,000,000 bales.

The eyes of the world are turned to the Paris exposition as the great civic event of the closing century. Its progress thus far has justified the prophecy that it will be visited by seventy millions of people, representing all the nations of the earth, during the summer months. Its industrial and art exhibits, its architecture and its beauty, make it easily the first in rank of all the expositions thus far held. It is gratifying to know that the American people, aside from France, occupy the largest space.

Senator Hoar is one of the wittiest as well as one of the most learned men in public life and an inveterate punster. Not long ago he was joined in the corridor of the capitol by a former colleague in the senate, and as they approached the entrance to the senate chamber Mr. Hoar motioned his companion to pass in first. "After you," said the ex-senator, drawing back politely. "No, indeed," retorted Senator Hoar; "the Xs always go before the wise."

Work of the Chicago city directory enumerator for 1900 shows the population of Chicago is not less than 2,901,000. The directory estimate is so conservative that the national census, which commences June 1 and ends June 15, will probably show a higher figure than this by some 20,000. The increase in population between 1890 and 1900 has been practically 1,000,000, a total not surpassed by any city in the country, except New York, and her extraordinary gains were made through annexation of neighboring territory.

THE OLD WARMIN' PAN.

When o'clock and upstairs; oh, the breath-freest room
With its audible silence and tangible gloom!
Oh, the shivers and dreads of that tortuous hall
When we bumped our poor heads on the down-sloping wall—
And the demons that danced down our candlelight lane
To the squeaky quadrille of the old weather-vane!
But ah, every terror, each recess of dread
We forgot in the depths of our billowy bed,
When, snuggled therein on the sinkaway plan,
In Dreamland 'twas spring, thank the Old Warmin' Pan.

A well-won protection from bogies and ghosts!
From the farthest confines they might marshal their hosts,
But no spook in the whole vast domain of Upstairs
Could approach, undefined, the surest of laws.
Deep down in our feathered, twist-lavendered sheets,
Peeking over the counterpane's regular pleats,
We laughed all the bugaboos square in the face,
Till they make their retreat in the hush of disgrace—
Poor things! they were awful, but blame them who can.
For no doubt they begrudged us our Old Warmin' Pan.

Oh, the Old Warmin' Pan! How the memories hold—
Those days were of silver, those nights were of gold,
And each homely object my childhood held dear
Has grown to an idol through many a year.
The starlight, the stillness, the frost-gleaming pane,
The weird-weaving shadows, the wind's low refrain,
The hand at the door and the step in the hall,
The low, gentle sound of the motherly call;
For the lack in the child is the love in the man.
Toward the genius that wielded the Old Warmin' Pan.
—Art. Wheelock Upson, in Chicago Times-Herald.



CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

But with the edict that no more troops should be sent came comfort to the souls of these bereaved ones. Transports would not go without troops, and Mrs. Frank could not go without transports, the journey was far too expensive. They wished her no evil, of course; but if they were themselves forbidden how could they rejoice that she should be permitted? They were actually beginning to feel a bit charitable toward her when the Queen of the Fleet herself came in Honolulu with the latest news. The fifth expedition had been halted there and put in camp. The hospital held several officers. Billy Gray was down with brain fever, and there had been a furious scene between him and his peppy colonel before the breakdown; and by that same steamer Mrs. Garrison had got a letter that had made her turn white and tremble, as Mrs. Stockman saw and told, and then shut herself up in her room an entire day. Now for nearly a fortnight the lovely guest had been daily hinting that she really must go home, "dear Witchie" was surely tired of her; and Witchie disclaimed and protested and vowed she could not live without her devoted friend. But then had come that letter and with it a change of tone and tactics. Witchie ceased to remonstrate or reprove Mrs. Stockman, and the latter felt that she must go, and Witchie consented without demur.

In no pleasant mood Armstrong mounted and trotted for the east gate. The road was lined with camps and volunteers at drill. Vehicles were frequently moving to and fro; but the sentry at the entrance had kept track of them, and in response to question answered promptly and positively Mrs. Garrison's carriage had not come that way. "But," said he, "the wagon with the lady's baggage did. I saw the name on the trunks."

The colonel turned in saddle and coolly surveyed him. "Do you mean Mrs. Stockman's name, sir?" he asked, in quiet tone. "How many trunks were there?"

"Oh, some of them might have had Mrs. Stockman's name, sir; but the two or three that I saw were marked M. G." This was unlooked-for news. To her next-door neighbor Mrs. Garrison had said nothing about going away with Mrs. Stockman, and Armstrong had grave need to see her and to see her at once. The train for Los Angeles did not leave until evening. Possibly they were lurching somewhere—spending the afternoon with friends in town. He rode direct to headquarters. Some of the staff might be able to tell, was his theory; and one of them justified it.

"Did I happen to meet Mrs. Garrison? Yes, I just saw her aboard the China." "Aboard the China!" exclaimed Armstrong, with a sudden thrill of excitement. "D'you mean she is going?"

"Didn't ask her. They were hustling everybody ashore, and I had only time to give dispatches to the purser; but she was on deck with friends when I came away."

People wondered that day at the speed with which the tall officer, followed by his orderly, clattered away down Market street. In less than ten minutes Armstrong was at the crowded pier and pushing through the throng to the China's stage. Too late! Alas, it was swung aloft, the lines were fast loose, and the huge black mass was just beginning to back slowly from

its moorings. The rail of the promenade deck swarmed with faces, some radiant, some tearful. Words of adieu, fluttering kerchiefs, waving hands, tossing flowers were there on every side. Two officers, Honolulu bomo, shouted Armstrong's name, and a cheer good-by; but he did not seem to hear. A gentle voice, the voice of all others he most longed to hear, repeated the name and strove to call attention to his gesticulating comrades on the upper deck; but he was deaf to both. Eagerly, anxiously, incredulously he was searching along that crowded rail, and all on a sudden he saw her. Yes, there she stood, all gayety, grace and animation, stylishly gowned and fairly burdened with roses; and it was right at him she was gazing, nodding, smiling, all sweetness, all confiding, trusting joy; with just a little of triumph, too, and a tinge of sentimental sorrow in the parting. Apparently, it was all for him; for her blue eyes never faltered till they fixed his gaze, and then, kiss after kiss she threw to him with the daintily gloved little hand, and, leaning far down over the rail, lowering it toward him as much as possible, she finally tossed to him, standing there stern and spellbound, a bunch of beautiful roses she had torn from her corsage. It fell almost at his feet, for in his astonishment and rising wrath he made no effort to catch it. A man, stooping quickly, rescued and handed it to him. Mechanically he said: "Thank you," and took it, a thorn pricking deep into the flesh as he did so; and still his eyes were fixed on that fairy form now surely, swiftly gliding away, and over him swept the consciousness of utter defeat, of exasperation, of dismay, even as he strove to fathom her motives in thus singling him out for such conspicuous—even affectionate—demonstration. Triumph and delight he could have understood, but not, not this semblance of confidential relations, not at least until he felt his arm grasped by a cordial hand, heard his name spoken by a friendly voice, and Mr. Prime's pleasant inquiry: "Have you no greeting for other friends?" Then the hot blood rushed to his face and showed even through the bronze as, turning, his troubled eyes met full the clear, placid gaze of Amy Lawrence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mid October. The Queen of the Fleet, the finest transport of the Pacific service, thronged with boys in blue at last ordered on to Manila, lay at the wharf at Honolulu, awaiting her commander's orders to cast loose. In strong force and with stentorian voices, the Primeval Dudes joined in rollicking chorus to the crashing accompaniment of their band, and, when they could take time to rest, the crowd ashore set up a cheer. The Hawaiian national band, in spotless white, forming huge and melodious circle on the wharf, vied with the musicians from the states in the spirit and swing of their stirring airs. "Aloha Oe! Aloha Oe!" chorused the surging throng, afloat and ashore, as wreaths and garlands—the leis of the islands—were twined or hung about some favorite officer or favored man. The troops still held to service in Hawaii shouted good-will and good-by to those ordered on to the Philippines. The Dudes of the Queen, and the lads from the prairies and the mountains on other transports anchored in the deep but narrow harbor, yelled soldierly condolence to those condemned to stay. The steam of the "escape pipe" roared loudly and belched dense white clouds on high, swelling the uproar. Dusky little Kanaka boys, diving for nickels and paddling tireless about the ship, added their shrill cries to the clamor. The captain, in his natty uniform of blue and gold, stepped forth upon the bridge to take command, and raised his banded cap in recognition of the constant cheer from the host ashore and the throng of blue shirts on the forecastle head. Then arose another shout, as a veteran officer, in the undress uniform of a general, appeared upon that sacred bound, and, bowing to the crowd, was escorted by the captain to the end overlooking the animated scene below; and then the signal was given, the heavy lines were cast off and hauled swiftly in, the massive screw began slowly to churn the waters at the stern, and gently, almost imperceptibly at first, the Queen slid noiselessly along the edge of the dock, to the accompaniment of a little volley of flowers and garlands tossed from eager hands, and a cheer of godspeed from the swarm of upturned faces. And then there arose another shout, a shout of mingled merriment, surprise and applause; for all on a sudden there darted up the stairway from the crowded promenade deck to the sacred perch above, defiant of the lettered warning: "Passengers are not allowed upon the bridge," a dainty vision in filmy white, and all in the next moment there appeared at the general's side, smiling, bowing, blowing kisses, waving adieux, all sparkle, animation, radiance and rejoicing, a bewitching little figure, in the airiest, loveliest of summer toilets. The Red Cross nurses on the deck below looked at one another and gasped. Two brave army girls, wives of wounded officers in the Philippines, who by special dispensation were making the voyage on the Queen, glanced quickly at each other and said—nothing audible. The general, lifting his cap, but looking both deprecation and embarrassment, fell back and gave his place at the white rail to the new arrival, and colored high when she suddenly turned and took his arm. The captain, trying not to see her or to appear conscious of this infraction of a stringent rule and invasion of his dignity, grew redder as he shouted rapid orders and swung his big, beautiful ship well out into the stream. The guns of the Bennington boomed a denigrating salute as the Queen turned her sharp nose toward the open sea; and almost the last thing Honolulu saw of her human freight was the tiny, dainty, winsome little figure in white, waving a

spotless kerchief in fond farewell. Once clear of the narrow entrance the big troopship headed westward toward the setting sun, shook free the reins, as it were, and, followed by less favored craft, sped swiftly on her way. Witchie Garrison, the latest addition to the passenger list, entirely at home, if not actually in command.

Leaning on the general's arm an hour later and deftly piloting that bewildered veteran up and down the breezy deck, she came, just as she had planned to come, face to face once more with Stanley Armstrong. Well she knew that under the escort of that exalted rank she was safe from any possibility of cross question or interference. Well she knew that had he heard of her sudden determination to go to Honolulu she could not have escaped stern interrogation, possibly something worse; and her heart failed her when she realized that the man who had gauged her shallow nature years before, now held a lash over her head in the shape of the paper that mad vanity had prompted her to write and send to the officer of the guard the day that Stewart sailed. What madness it was, indeed, yet how could she have dreamed it would fall into the hands of the man of all others she feared and respected—the one man who, had he but cared, could years ago have had her love, the man who, because he cared not, had won her hate! And, now that he held or held this paper—nothing less than a forged order in her husband's name as aide-de-camp to Gen. Drayton, she could have covered at his feet in her terror of him, yet braved him with smiles, sweetness and gayety, with arch merriment and joyous words, quitting for the moment the general's arm that she might extend to him both her little white-gloved hands. Gravely he took the left in his left while with the right he raised his forage cap in combined salute to the woman and to his superior officer. Gravely and almost instantly he released it, and listened in helpless passivity to her torrent of playful words; but his eyes were on the general's face as though he would ask could he, the general, know the true character of the woman he had honored above all her sisterhood on board, in thus taking her to the bridge whereon neither officer nor man nor nurse nor army wife had presumed to set foot in all the six days' run from San Francisco; as though he would ask if the general knew just what she was, this blithe, dainty, winsome little thing that nestled so confidently—indeed, so snugly—close to his battered side, and who had virtually taken possession of him in the face of an anxious and not too silent circle of her own sex. Truth to tell, the chief would rather have escaped. He was but an indifferent sailor, and the Queen's long, lazy roll over the ocean surges was exciting in his inner consciousness a longing for cracked ice and champagne. He had known her but the few days the Queen remained in port, coaling and preparing for the onward voyage across the broad Pacific; but a great functionary of the general government had told him a pathetic tale the very day of his first peep at the Royal Hawaiian hotel, had given him a capital dinner at that famous hostelry, whereas she appeared in charming attire, and in a flow of spirits simply irresistible. Her sallies of wit had made him roar with delight; her mimicry of one or two conspicuous but adulterated dames who had come over on the Queen, bound as nurses for Manila, had tickled him to the verge of apoplexy; but when later she backed him into the coolest corner of the "lani" with the splash of fountain close at hand, and the sweet music of Berger's famous band floating softly on the evening air, and told him how her father had loved to talk of his, the general's, dash and daring in the great days of the great war, and led him on to tell of his campaigns in the Shenandoah and the west, listening with dilated eyes and parted lips, the campaigner himself was captivated, and she had her will. A great senator had told him how she had come thither to nurse a gallant young officer in her husband's regiment, how she had pulled the boy through the perils of brain fever until he was now convalescent and going on to rejoin his comrades in Manila, and she, was pining to reach her husband now serving on Gen. Drayton's staff. Other women were aboard the Queen; could not Gen. Crabb find room for her? It is hard for a soldier to refuse a pretty woman or a prominent member of the committee on military affairs. There was not a vacant stateroom on the ship. Officers were sleeping three or four in a room, so were the Red Cross nurses; and the two army wives already aboard had been assigned a little cubbyhole of a cabin in which only one could dress at a time. There were only two apartments on the big craft that were not filled to their capacity—the room occupied by that sea monarch, the captain, and that which, from having been the "ladies boudoir," had been fitted up for the accommodation of the general. The piano had been wheeled out on deck, the writing table stowed away, and a fine new wide brass bedstead, with dainty white curtains and mosquito bar, a large bureau and a wash-stand had been moved in, and these, with easy-chairs, electric fans, electric lights and abundant air, made it the most desirable room on the ship. Even Armstrong, colonel commanding the troops aboard, was compelled to share his little cabin with his adjutant, and the general's aides were bundled into a "skimp" box between decks. There really seemed no place for Mrs. Garrison aboard, especially when it was found that the passenger list was to be increased by three, a surgeon and two officers going forward from Honolulu; and one of these was our old friend and once light-hearted Billy Gray, now really convalescent, but weak and, as all could see, feverishly eager to get on to Manila.

All this was explained to the senator. It was even suggested that there was room for Mrs. Garrison on the Louis-

iana, a safe old tub, if she was slow; but Mrs. Frank looked so pathetic and resigned when this arrangement was suggested that no one had the hardihood to actually dwell upon it, and the senator said it was a shame to think of it. With whom of her own sex could she associate on that long, hot voyage ahead of them? Why not transfer some of the Red Cross nurses to the Louisiana? Mrs. Garrison had no objections, but they had; and the surgeon in charge made prompt and vigorous protest. He knew Mrs. Frank, and she knew him and did not in the least despair. She still had a plan. There was a cozy dinner one evening—just the evening before the departure of the Queen, and the gallant captain of the ship, the veteran general, the quartermaster in charge of transportation, the member of the senate military committee, some charming girls—but none so charming as Mrs. Garrison—were of the party. There was some sentiment and much champagne, as a result of which, at one a. m., the big-hearted sea monarch aforementioned swore by the bones of his ancestors in the slimy grasp of Davy Jones that that sweet little woman shouldn't have to go a-begging for accommodations on his ship. If the general would condescend to move into his room, by thunder, he'd sleep up in his foul-weather den next the chart room, and Mrs. Garrison—God bless her!—could take the general's room, and be queen of the ship—queen of the Queen—queen of queens—by Jupiter! and here's her health with all honor! A soldier, of course, could be no less gallant than a sailor, especially as the captain's room was a bit better than the "Boudoir," and had an ice chest and contents that the veteran campaigner was bidden to consider his own. The agreement was clinched that very night before the party broke up; and little Mrs. Frank shed tears of gratitude upon the general's coat sleeve and threw kiss after kiss to the handsome sailor as she hung over the balusters of the broad veranda and waved them away in their swift-running cabs, and then danced off to her room and threw herself on the bed after a mad pirouette about the spacious apartment, and laughed and laughed until real tears trickled from her eyes, and then gave orders to be called at seven o'clock. She meant to be up and aboard that ship with all her luggage before sense and repentance could come with the morning sun—before either soldier or sailor could change his mind.

To the amazement of the women already aboard, to the grave annoyance of Col. Armstrong, to the joy of poor Billy Gray, and the mischievous merriment of several youngsters on the commissioned list, Mrs. Frank Garrison, the latest arrival, became sole occupant of the finest room on the ship; and it was a bower of lilies and tropical fruit and flowers the breezy day she sailed away from the bay of Honolulu.

(To Be Continued.)

FOR HIS FRIEND.

An Instance of Heroic Self Sacrifice in the Humble Walks of Life.

James Brown and Harry Lee were the closest of friends. They were painters by trade and unmarried. James Brown, however, was the only support of an invalid mother, the fact being well known to Harry.

The two young men were at work upon one of the high buildings of the city. For some reason Harry had occasion to descend to the ground, and there noticed for the first time how insecure was James' position. At the same moment he was horrified to see him losing his footing.

As quickly as thought can work Harry remembered the invalid mother, and stepped in an instant directly into the spot where James would drop, and braced himself.

By something like a miracle he succeeded in his purpose of rescue. When the two men were brought into the Flower hospital in New York, it was discovered that Harry had not received fatal injury, and that James, for whom he had risked his life, was suffering chiefly from the breaking of both wrists and the bones of one ankle.

Harry, who was the first to be well enough to report for duty, found a pleasure in caring for the invalid mother of his friend as if he were her son.

The doctors of the hospital, who alone were aware of the facts, report an expression of gratitude upon the face of James whenever Harry visited him during his convalescence, a look that expressed more than human eyes are accustomed to see or human hearts to reveal.—New Voice.

A Sharp Retort.

A well-known dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself:

Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon.

The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners.

"You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught."

"Very likely," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for 'ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."—London Answers.

The Merciful Motorman.

"The fellow coming out of that saloon owes his life to me," said the Brooklyn motorman to the new hand to whom he was teaching the business.

"How's that?" asked the beginner, as he piled all the passengers to the front of the car by a quick movement of the brake.

"One night," explained the motorman, "he was lying helpless across the track, and I resisted, and conquered the temptation."—Brooklyn Life.

Charitably Saves Life.

A package marked quinine was secretly sent to a bright woman, but being curious she took it to a druggist who said it was not quinine, but arsenic. A like inquiry into some of the medicines offered will certainly detect the false from the true. For half a century Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been curing indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles and has never once failed. Try it if you feel weak and tired.

Genuine Optimism.

The Pessimist—That water is awfully slow with those cheese sandwiches.
The Optimist—Oh, never mind. The longer we wait the better grows the cheese.—Indianapolis Press.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy, Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen Feet, All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Golden Rule in Texas.

When men learn to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, horse trading will have become one of the lost arts.—Galveston News.

D. W. Melver, Tuskegee, Ala., wrote: Our child's bowels were passing off pure blood and all prescriptions failed to relieve her, until we tried Teething (Teething Powders), and she is now doing well.

If you feel that you must occasionally yield to the temptation to tell a lie, tell one so big that no one will believe it.—Athens Globe.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Some men seem to think because self preservation is the first law of nature that it is necessary to keep themselves constantly soaked in alcohol.—Chicago Daily News.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

An old bachelor says that when a man hasn't enough worry he should marry.—Chicago Daily News.

All goods are alike to PUTNAM FADELESS DYES, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

Mispent time is never repaid.—Chicago Democrat.

Morning Tiredness

Is a serious complaint. It's a warning that should be heeded. It is different from an honest tired feeling. It is a sure sign of poor blood. You can cure it by making your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. That is what other people do—thousands of them. Take a few bottles of this medicine now and you will not only get rid of that weak, languid, exhausted feeling, but it will make you feel well all through the summer.

Tired Feeling—"I had that tired feeling and did not have life or ambition to accomplish my usual amount of household work. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief and also cured a scrofula tendency." Mrs. R. Merritt, Dowagiac, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Henry LaMar of the Henry LaMar Comedy Co. wrote from Hiram, Me. January 28, 1900. "Send me another bottle of

Palmer's Lotion quick. I thank you for recommending it." He was troubled with

PIMPLES or pustules on his face from which a dozen doctors had failed to relieve him.

Use LOTION SOAP in connection with the Lotion.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and size.

extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 day treatment free. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, 110 N. Atlanta, Ga.

Use Certain Cough Cure. Price, 25 cents.

The Pinkham Remedies

For disorders of the female organs have gained their great renown and enormous sale because of the permanent good they have done and are doing for the women of this country.

If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. The advice she gives is practical and honest. You can write freely to her; she is a woman.

WANDERING IN DREAMLAND.

How an Absent-Minded Woman Created a Laugh in a Street Car.

The young woman's mind was probably "off" in the land of nod, and yokes and flannels, and plaitings, and appliques, and ruffles, and things like that, whatever they may mean, says the Washington Post.

Anyhow, when she got on an uptown Ninth street car the other afternoon, she ultimately opened her pocketbook when the conductor came around for her fare, stuck a gloved finger and thumb into one of the compartments of the same, extracted a couple of foul samples and, with that faraway expression still in her eyes, handed them to the conductor. The conductor was a middle-aged man. He smiled and waited for the young woman to come out of her trance. But she held the foul samples out to him with her eyes on vacancy, until the conductor, still grinning, had to fetch her back to earth.

"Yes, they're pretty nice," he said, "and I'd like to get my wife a dress of that piece on top, but she—"

The young woman blushed like a red-hot stove lid, dug into another compartment of her pocketbook for a car ticket, and she looked real embarrassed when the brutal male persons across the car aisle grinned, so she did.

Matter of Memory.

The man who was attempting suicide was not sinking for the third time.

Of course, it was necessary hereupon that he recall everything in his past life in the space of one instant.

"Again my cursed memory!" he hissed, and he waded ashore in much chagrin, which was in nowise lessened by the derisive laughter of the spectators.—Detroit Journal.

One Night to Denver

Via Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line. "Colorado Special" leaves Chicago 10:00 every morning, arriving Denver 1:20 the next afternoon, Colorado Springs and Manitou same evening. No change of cars. All meals in Dining Cars. Another fast train at 10:30 P. M. Daily. New book "Colorado," illustrated, mailed on receipt of four cents postage. Ticket Offices, Chicago & North Western Ry., 193 Clark St., and Wells St. Station.

Art in Pennsylvania.

Our community has received a social and professional addition in the person of Mr. "Bill" Jones, who returns to his native town an accomplished artist. In Philadelphia he was regarded as one of the best men in the Hotel Blank's barber shop. He has now accepted a position in "Tom" Johnson's tongsorial parlors—Mountville (Pa.) Clarion.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 20c.

A nice, refined new expression is: "Ave! stop chewing the rag or you'll get lint in your lungs!"—Indianapolis News.

It is said that doctors never take their own medicines—yet they usually profit by their own advice.—Chicago Daily News.

It is a fatal defect of many old saws that they are hopelessly dull.—Indianapolis News.

The hundred-yard runner is always a dashing fellow.—Chicago Democrat.

NONE SUCH

Nothing hobbles the muscles and unites for work like

SORENESS
and
STIFFNESS

Nothing relaxes them and makes a speedy perfect cure like

St. Jacobs Oil



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for June 2, 1900—The Twelve Sent Forth.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]
THE LESSON TEXT.
(Matthew 9:35 to 10:5.)

35. And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people.

36. But when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.

37. Then saith He unto His disciples: The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

38. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.

1. And when He had called unto Him His 12 disciples, He gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease.

2. Now the names of the 12 apostles are these: The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew, his brother; James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother; & Philip, and Bartholomew; Thomas, and Matthew, the publican; James, the son of Alphaeus, and Lebbaeus, whose surname was Thaddaeus;

4. Simon, the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed Him.

5. These 12 Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying: Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not;

6. But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

7. And as ye go, preach, saying: The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

8. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give.

9. It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.—Matt. 10:20.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The lesson study should include the text as printed above and through the tenth chapter. The following brief analysis may be helpful:

The Spiritual Harvest Field, vs. 35-38. The Twelve Apostles Chosen, vs. 1-4. The Apostles Sent Forth, vs. 5-8. Special Instructions, vs. 9-14.

The Spiritual Harvest Field.—We have come now in our study of the life of Christ to the last quarter of His second year. Jesus toured among the towns of Galilee during the autumn of A. D. 28 and the winter just following. He went into the Jewish synagogues, and there preached the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. He not only preached, but He healed. Not only did He speak gracious words, but He performed kindly acts. His effective and pointed preaching and His beautiful life attracted the people.

But to appreciate what Jesus said concerning the shepherdless multitudes it is not necessary to suppose that other reasons may have brought many to hear and see the great Teacher. It may be, as some have said, that the throngs followed out of idle curiosity to see the miracles; they may have been hungry for the loaves and fishes. But whatever the motives of the people, Jesus saw down into their hearts. They were sin-sick and weary. Jesus had compassion upon them, as sheep having no shepherd.

The Twelve Apostles Chosen.—It was in furtherance of the great work before Him that Jesus now commissioned the Twelve who had been closest to Him for some months past. He had selected them to be with Him and learn His ways just before His Sermon on the Mount. This was early in the summer of this same year. Now they were not only to learn, but they were to do some actual work.

So He called the Twelve, gave them special power over unclean spirits and disease and gave them their commission.

Before passing to this, however, we may note briefly something concerning these 12 men. First come Simon, whom Jesus had called "Peter," meaning a rock. He fulfilled Jesus' expectations and became the "rock" of the early church. Andrew was Peter's brother. They were among the first five of Jesus' disciples. They were brothers whom Jesus had called "sons of thunder" (Boanerges), because of their fiery dispositions. John afterward so learned to control his temper that he became "the disciple whom Jesus loved." Bartholomew is said to be the Nathaniel of John 1:45. Lebbaeus is the same as Thaddaeus and as Judas (Jude). Simon was a Canaanite, which means that he was one of the sect of fanatic nationalists who were always in revolt against the foreign yoke. Judas Iscariot was the only disciple who was not a Galilean. Iscariot means "man of Keriot," a Judean town.

The Apostles Sent Forth.—The commission of the disciples was to preach among the Israelites, and not among Gentiles. This was because Jesus had been sent to the chosen people of God first. They were better prepared for the message (at least should have been) by their long national training. First to the Jews, then to the Gentiles was the order. Their message was to be: "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." The King had come, remission of sins might be had through repentance and faith. They were further to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers and cast out devils. Jesus says to them: "Freely ye have received, freely give." They had been with Him, drunk in His message of cheer and salvation, now they were to spread forth to the people what they had received.

Teaching of John the Baptist.

John the Baptist, the greatest of the prophets, gathered together the scattered rays of Old Testament prediction into these two sayings, which will be forever associated with his name: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" and "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." The first is the Gospel of atonement; the second is the Gospel of regeneration; and both together give a comprehensive summary of all that Jesus brings to men.—William M. Taylor.

CARTER MEDICINE CO. WINS.

Obtains Injunction in Case Involving Simulation of Labels.

Brent Good, president of the Carter Medicine Company, yesterday received a telegram from his lawyers in Chicago, informing him that a final injunction, with costs, had been granted against the Chicago Label and Box Company. This company makes a specialty of manufacturing labels, boxes, etc., for druggists. The Carter Company has been following them through the courts for two years on the complaint that the label company was making simulations of the labels of Carter's Little Liver Pills. They have now obtained a final injunction, with costs, and the costs are very large, as the case has been submitted to a Master in Chancery for a final accounting.

The Carter Medicine Company has been the first and only one to prosecute printers or engravers who have prepared such labels and wrappers. It marks a new departure in infringement cases, and their victory is one of great importance to the whole "proprietary trade," and also of interest to retail druggists.—N. Y. Press, May 2, 1900.

"Mit Lots of Fedders."

Robert Frank, the well-known artist, is a self-supporting man, and not until he became a self-supporting man did he have a chance to pursue the regular studies which most people have in earlier life, says the Philadelphia Post.

When he began drawing for a living his workshop was so excellent that he had no difficulty in securing orders. One day he delivered some sketches to an employer, who said: "By the by, Frank, I want a picture drawn in a great hurry. It is a novel thing, a boxing kangaroo."

"Ja wohl," answered the artist, "I will have it ready to-morrow for you."

"You know what a kangaroo is, of course."

Frank must have been thinking of an ostrich, because he answered with a complacent smile.

"Ja, gewisslich. It is a long, tall thing mit lots of fedders." And "Fedders" has been his nickname ever since.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

with Local Application, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces.

Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataract.

Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Author Wants a Chance.

A publishing firm recently received the following note from an anxious author: "I have a book which I have written, and I want to see if I can get it published. I have written a book which I have written, and I want to see if I can get it published. I have written a book which I have written, and I want to see if I can get it published."

The book is a novel, and I have written it in a very interesting and original manner. I have written a book which I have written, and I want to see if I can get it published. I have written a book which I have written, and I want to see if I can get it published."

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BARBER GOT IT MIXED.

In Relating a Little Joke He, After the Manner of His Kind, Turned It Upon Himself.

Henry Lamm, an attorney of Sedalia, told a story at the reception to the Missouri Bar association recently which caused a great laugh, says the Kansas City Star. Mr. Lamm was called on to make an impromptu speech. He said:

"This is taking an unfair advantage of me. I have a paper in my pocket which I am to read at the meeting to-morrow. It is a very dry paper and it will take me an hour to read it. If I am given the slightest encouragement I will read it right now. That would be one on you, wouldn't it?"

"And that reminds me, I was in Texas recently and there they have a new joke. A man asks you: 'Have you heard the story about the two dirty collars?' You are supposed to answer: 'No.' And then the man says: 'That's one on you.'"

"A Dutch barber who had been sold on this joke concluded to try it on the next customer who came into his shop. So as he was getting ready to shave the next caller he asked him:

"Haf you heard dot story about the two dirty collars?"

"Vell, dot's one you got on."

"Histicronic improbability."

It was during the performance of "Quo Vadis" at Eureka, and Vincius was begging Petronius to forget his reproaches, saying, tearfully:

"Ah, how can you ever forgive me?"

"Vincius," replied Petronius, with great earnestness, "thou art my only sister's dead child."

Whereupon the audience, which was not dead, but only bored, burst into huge laughter.—Kansas City Journal.

A Different Declaration.

"She is very proud of the fact that she has an ancestor who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence."

"That's nothing to be proud of. There's a divorce in our family, too."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

LABASTINE

LABASTINE is the original and only durable wall coating entirely different from all kalsomines. Ready for use in white or fourteen beautiful colors by adding cold water.

ADIES naturally prefer ALABASTINE for walls and ceilings, because it is pure, clean, durable. Put up in dry powdered form, in five-pound packages, with full directions.

LL kalsomines are cheap, temporary preparations made from whitening, chalks, clays, etc., and stuck on walls with a disgusting animal glue. ALABASTINE is not a kalsomine.

EWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "same thing" as ALABASTINE, or "something just as good." He is either not posted or is trying to deceive you.

ND IN OFFERING something he has bought cheap and tries to sell on ALABASTINE'S demands, he may not realize the damage you will suffer by a kalsomine on your walls.

ENSEBLE dealers will not buy LABASTINE. Dealers risk one by selling and consumers by using infringement. ALABASTINE CO. own right to make wall coating to mix with cold water.

IE INTERIOR WALLS of every church and school should be coated only with pure, durable ALABASTINE. It safeguards health. Hundreds of tons used yearly for this work.

N BUYING ALABASTINE, customers should avoid getting cheap kalsomines under different names. Insist on having our goods in packages and properly labeled.

UISANCE of wall paper is obviated by ALABASTINE. It can be used on plastered walls, wood ceilings, brick or canvas. A child can brush it on. It does not rub or scale off.

STABLISHED in favor. Shun all imitations. Ask for tint card, or druggist for tint card. Write us for interesting booklet, free. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.



PE-RU-NA

FOR WOMEN

The debilitating drains and discharges which weaken so many women are caused by Catarrh of the distinctly feminine organs. The sufferer may call her trouble Leucorrhoea, or Weakness, or Female Disease, or some other name, but the real trouble is catarrh of the female organs and nothing else.

Pe-ru-na radically and permanently cures this and all other forms of Catarrh. It is a positive specific for female troubles caused by catarrh of the delicate lining of the organs peculiar to women. It always cures if used persistently. It is prompt and certain.

It was during the performance of "Quo Vadis" at Eureka, and Vincius was begging Petronius to forget his reproaches, saying, tearfully:

"Ah, how can you ever forgive me?"

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"She is very proud of the fact that she has an ancestor who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence."

"That's nothing to be proud of. There's a divorce in our family, too."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ROOFING! Cent a Square Ft.

including caps and nails. The BEST Red Roof MANILLA ROOFING CO., Camden, N. J.

Do You Know
Burnham's Hasty Jellycon will satisfactorily answer the question: "What shall we have for dessert to-day?" You have the choice of six delicious flavors: orange, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, peach, wild cherry, and the plain "calf-foot" for making wine and coffee jellies. Every where Jellycon is having a large sale. Your grocer sells it.

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The Queen City Printing Ink Co.,

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Who have had 40 years' experience in making NEWS INK

TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS

Such as, the Speed of the Press—the Texture of the Paper—the Temperature of the Press Room, etc. It goes FARTHER—ADDS to the look of a paper—and IS CHEAP or at least ECONOMICAL, which is THE TEST for the word CHEAP.

This is printed with THAT ink.

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Makes a Paper LOOK THE PART

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(Teething Powders)

Costs only 25 cents at Druggists.

Or mail 25 cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

It Costs You Nothing Extra

To patronize the personally conducted excursions to California via the Santa Fe Route.

A special conductor is employed by the Railroad Company, to make its patrons comfortable.

Details of service given on request.

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Manager California Tourist Service,
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109 Adams Street, Chicago.

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If you take up your home in Western Canada, the land of plenty, illustrated pamphlets giving experiences of farmers who have become wealthy in agriculture, etc., and full information as to reduced railway rates can be had on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Department of Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or address the undersigned who will mail you pamphlets, etc., free of cost. F. PEDLEY, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to D. L. CAVEN, Springfield, Ohio; or to T. HOLMES, Indianapolis, Ind.

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PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—E 1814

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

RICH, BUT WRETCHED



Fight on for wealth, old "Money Bags," your liver is drying up and bowels wearing out, some day you will cry aloud for health, offering all your wealth, but you will not get it because you neglected Nature in your mad rush to get gold. No matter what you do, or what ails you, to-day is the day—every day is the day—to keep watch of Nature's wants—and help your bowels act regularly—CASCARETS will help Nature help you. Neglect means bile in the blood, foul breath, and awful pains in the back of the head with a loathing and bad feeling for all that is good in life. Don't care how rich or poor you are, you can't be well if you have bowel trouble, you will be regular if you take CASCARETS—get them to-day—CASCARETS—in metal box; cost 10 cents; take one, eat it like candy and it will work gently while you sleep. It cures; that means it strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels and

The Largest Stock The Lowest Prices Everybody knows the Place Bicknell & Early's

Corn, Oats, Hay, Potatoes,
Farm and Garden Seeds,

A New Car of
McCORMICK
Mowers, Binders and Twine

Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Rakes,
Just in, Making
TWO CARS THIS YEAR

See Us! See Us! See Us! See Us!

Before You Buy

BEREA - - KENTUCKY



We will get you
anything from Den-
nison's in the short-
est possible time.
At the
Printing-office.

Census Queries.

The blank schedules to be used in the next census are now being distributed by the Census Office to the enumerators, who will start to work on June 1. The schedules contain questions which some persons may think prying, purposeless, or excessive in number. But their number and character have been determined by Congress, not the Census Office, and all of them have been asked in previous censuses. The only important change since 1890 is that some questions have been abandoned.

People are often offended at the question "How old are you?" and are apt to wonder what use the Government can make of their replies. Taken as a whole the replies are as important as any class of information the Census Office collects. Age returns penetrate and elucidate every other branch of statistical knowledge. They show where child labor is prevalent, and where the proportion of persons able to support themselves is large or small. They reveal the great number of colored children and the short life of the negroes under present conditions. They make it possible to ascertain whether the average length of life is increasing or decreasing, how many men the nation contains who are capable of voting or bearing arms, and whether the relative number of children is increasing or decreasing.

Few would dispute the necessity for asking questions regarding race. All arguments regarding the future of any particular race in this country like the Indians, the Negro, or the Chinaman, must hinge upon the returns in the census. With the Indians, more-

over, it is of the highest importance to learn what success the policy of the Government has met with in establishing them apart from their tribes and reservations, and whether such Indians are increasing or decreasing.

In the light of such explanations, and only a few of the most important questions have been touched upon, it may perhaps be clear to the public that no question has been asked by Congress, or has been asked by the Census Office which, if properly and correctly answered, will not lead to suggestive inferences regarding the American people and their work.

The Counties.

Home Spun Notice.

Good homemade coverlets and linen will be bought by Berea College at Commencement time, but no home-spun will be bought by the College between June 7th and Sept. 12th.

PROF. JOSEPHINE A. ROBINSON.

Clay County.

Bright Shade.

Wilson Smith accidentally cut Clark Smith.

Thomas and Marsh Smith went to Martin creek last week.

Harry Delph visited friends on Spring creek Saturday and Sunday.

Andrew Manning visited his home near here last week.

Mrs. Martha Green, of Knox county, was here recently at the logrolling of Dany Smith.

It is reported that we will have a wedding soon. Mr. Jessie Smith and Miss Melia Gamberl are the parties.

Wolfe County.

Lee City.

Rev. Press Williams preached a very able sermon at the Rose School-house Sunday.

Jack Miller, of this place, was fatally shot by James Dykes last Saturday, the 19th.

The R. R. that is being built through this place to the Carry Coal fields is progressing nicely.

Prof. Thomas, Supt. of Lee City S. S., has announced arrangements for celebrating the 4th of July.

Matt. Sloane and wife, of this place, made a flying trip to Frozen Creek the 20th.

Miss Rosie Fulks, of Spradling, who has been visiting her brothers at this place, returned home the 20th.

Washington County.

Springfield.

This week examinations for teachers will be held.

Mrs. G. W. Hudley has received the rest of her deceased husband's pension.

Mrs. Sallie Robertson, of Louisville, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Ellen Gode, last week.

The U. B. F. Lodge had its annual performance last Sunday. Rev. B. F. Buckner preached the annual sermon.

Miss Mary Montgomery was called to Bardstown last week to attend the funeral of her brother.

Joseph Lancaster, who trains horses for Alex Adams, was run over by a horse and received a painful injury, but is improving.

Owsley County.

Gabbard.

Some of the boys of this place went fishing Saturday night.

Dr. Anderson, of Boonville, was here Saturday and Sunday.

We are glad to say that the sick of our neighborhood, are improving.

W. B. Gabbard, a lawyer of this place, attended court at Boonville last week.

There have been several logrollings in our neighborhood the last week or two.

A. G. Maupin and J. G. Cole, of South Fork, were here last Wednesday on business.

Geo. W. Gabbard, the P. M. at this place, was at Boonville several days last week.

William T. Isaacs, of Egypt, Jackson county, was here last Wednesday on business.

Mrs. Meriatha Gabbard of this place and Price Moore, of Eversole, visited friends on Cow creek Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Geo. Baker, Delane Bolin and W. O. Gabbard visited friends and relatives at Island creek Saturday and Sunday of last week.

C. R. Moore, of Eversole, and Meriatha Gabbard of this place attended the examination Friday and Saturday at Boonville.

Chas. Eversole, of Eversole, was here week before last counting trees on A. C. Gabbard's farm. He counted about 5,300 trees over eighteen inches.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE U. PETNAM, teacher in Berea College.

The Honor of Service.

The lack of service is the ruin of humanity.

"Do not forget the true notion of service as the essence of Christianity yea, of divinity. It is the highest of all accomplishments."

George McDonald, puts these words into the mouth of one of the wisest of his book characters. Directly the parson goes on to say:—

"There is no dignity but of service. How different the whole notion of training is now from what it was in the middle ages! Service was honorable then; the first thing taught then was how to serve. No man could rise to the honor of Knighthood without service. A nobleman's son, even, had to wait on his father, or to go into the family of another nobleman, and wait upon him as a page standing behind his chair at dinner. This was an honor; no notion of degradation was in it. It was a necessary step to higher honor; and what was the next higher honor? To be set free from service? No. To serve in the harder service of the field; to be a squire to some noble knight; to tend his horse, to clean his armor, to see that every rivet was sound, every buckle true, every strap strong; to ride behind him and carry his spear, and if more than one attached him, to rush to his aid. This service was the more honorable because it was harder, and was the next step to higher honor yet; and what was this higher honor? That of knighthood. Whereto did this knighthood consist? The very word means simply service. And for what was the knight thus waited upon by the squire? That he might be free to do as he pleased? No; but that he might be free to be the servant of all. By being a squire first, the servant of one, he learned to rise to the higher rank, that of servant of all. His horse was tended, his armor observed, his sword and spear and shield held to his hand, that he might have no trouble looking after himself, but might be free, strong, unwearyed to shoot like an arrow to the rescue of any and every one who needed his ready aid. There was a grand heart of Christianity in that old chivalry, notwithstanding all its abuses, which must be more laid to its charge than the burning of Jews and heretics to Christianity. It was the lack of it, that occasioned the abuse that coexisted with it."

All service ranks the same with God: If now, as formerly he trod Paradise, his presence fills Our earth, each only as God wills Can work—God's puppets, best and worst. Are we; there is no last nor first.

Don't Leave Berea

Without laying in a summer's supply of writing material from the Printing-office. You can't get it at home as cheap as we can sell it to you. A fine present to the home folks will be a nice lot of paper and envelopes.

For Whooping-cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, or Consumption, no medicine equals Cousen's Honey of Tar. Price, 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE FARM.

THE COW.

A Class Essay at Berea College by EDWARD F. DUNCAN.

(Continued from last week.)

Feed From Soiling.

Soiling has many advantages over pasturing, especially where land is high-priced. However, much of its value depends upon labor, the supply, cost, character. Two things are always necessary in soiling. (1). Green crops in well arranged succession throughout the growing season. (2). There must be no breaks. Different sections of the country have different crops best adapted to soiling. Alfalfa and red clover are good soiling crops, and should there be more than is needed for summer feeding, they can be cured and stored for winter feed. They do not need so much top dressing and they leave the ground in a good condition, both as regards texture and fertility. Mixed oats and peas are good. When they begin blooming, begin feeding. They can also be stored and make excellent hay. Corn is good when sown thick enough so that the stalks will be small and, thus, be eaten by the cow. When sown too thick the air and light and heat of the sun cannot reach it and it is not so valuable. Sorghum is drought-resisting and will grow luxuriantly on almost any soil. It gives an excellent milk flow. Rye can be sown in the fall after a crop of corn or peas has been removed, and comes in very early in spring. Among other prominent soiling crops may be mentioned wheat, timothy, vetches, millet, and barley. By making a good selection of soiling-crops a cow can be kept on a much smaller area of land and the land will continually become more fertile and the food supply can be better regulated and economized.

Winter Feeding.

Great care should be taken in winter to see if the three elements, protein, carbohydrates, and fats are furnished in digestible form proportion to the cow. Timothy hay 10 pounds, corn-fodder 10, corn meal or gluten meal or something rich in protein, 4, and wheat bran 4. When one has clover hay and ensilage a good ration is: Clover hay 12 pounds, ensilage 20, corn meal 4, bran 4, gluten-meal 4. Usually, it is more economical in keeping a cow on a small tract of land to buy the hay for winter feeding and use the land for more profitable and productive crops, as beets. When feeding concentrated feed it is best to mix it with chaffed hay, slightly moistened, thus insuring complete mastication which is essential to thorough digestion. Roots, especially sugar-beets, parsnips, and carrots are excellent in a winter ration as they produce a laxative effect and "tone up" the system in general. It is not desirable to cook or steam the feed, unless it is unpalatable, and it is desired that the cow consume more of it. Shelled corn and some other feed-stuffs can be soaked and an advantage is gained by so doing. The cutting of coarse feed as corn-stalks and hay is economical because of the lessened waste. It is best to grind feed, especially oats and corn.

(Continued next week.)

THE SCHOOL.

A Story.

Written in five chapters by five different members of Ullie Dulce Literary Society.

CHAPTER IV.

When Class Day dawned there was a great deal of supposed excitement and groups of Seniors and Juniors were seen talking excitedly. William Edworth was the only one of the class who was cool and possessed. "Fellows," he said, toward the close of the day, "we've got to keep our heads, for the Subs mean to get the spade tonight if such a thing is possible. We will flaunt it in their faces and then make it disappear as if it had been swallowed up by the earth! Have it they never shall!"

As the eight o'clock bell rang for the Senior concert that evening the Assembly Hall was crowded to its utmost, for the class was a very popular one. Its men were strong and brilliant and the program was to be the finest in years. Flattering ribbons, dainty dresses, sweet flowers, and smiling faces were in evidence all over the house. Notwithstanding the light, the program, and the music, there was the same undercurrent of excitement throughout the Hall that had been felt during the day. "The Seniors may expect a row before the night is through," whispered some one near the door. "I'll tell you," excitedly whispered another, "the Subs will never get the spade. 'Just wait,' muttered a Junior who happened to be passing at the moment.

The concert moved along smoothly doing credit to each man, and then the last number was announced, as it did not appear on the program. It was entitled "The Obsequies." The curtain slowly rolled to the top and William Edworth stepped to the front, followed by four others in their sombre dress suits. They carried a long black box with four shining silver handles. Edworth raised his hand as if for silence, and in his deep, solemn, voice addressed the audience.

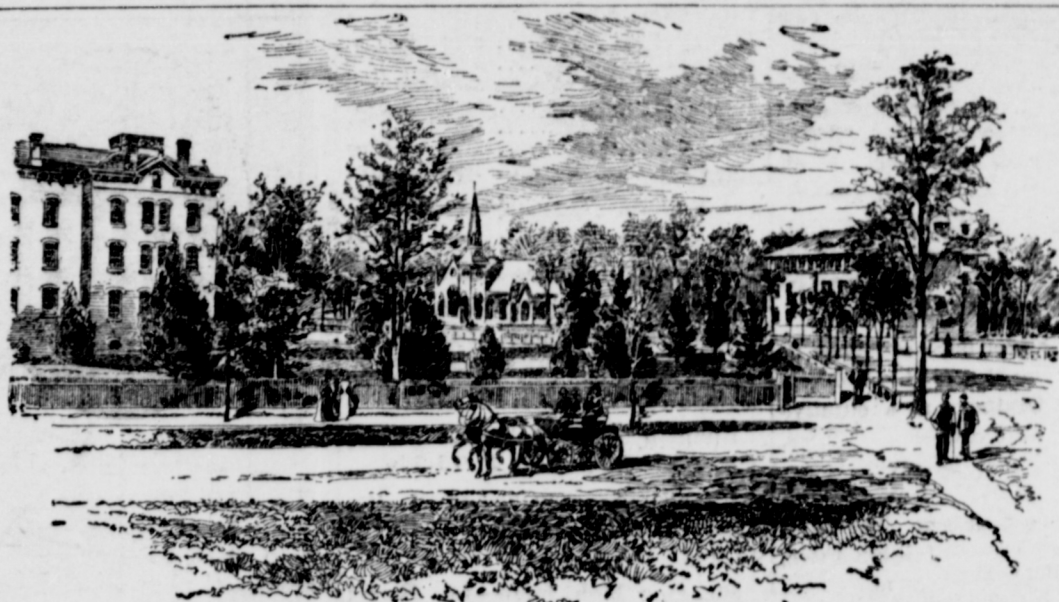
"Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, it has been the custom to present to the Junior class a spade, but for reasons best known to ourselves the custom will be suspended for the present and while we refuse to bury the hatchet, we will bury the spade until the present Sophomores are ready for it." With this he reached to the top of the piano, took down the spade and placed it tenderly in the box. He then put on the cover and fastened each screw carefully. The pianist began softly the strains of a funeral march. The four men lifted the box, stepped quickly from the stage, down the long aisles of people, and out.

Not till the solemn procession passed through the door did the audience seem to realize what had happened. Then one great, brawny Junior sprang to his feet and cried, "Fellows! it's the spade they've got in that box!" At that, Juniors from all over the house sprang to their feet, some rushed to the door, others jumped through the windows, regardless of the fact that many a girl was left without an escort. "After them! After them!" rang from all parts of the hall. "What made you let them get out of the door with our spade?" shrieked a six-foot Junior. "We'll have it yet!" yelled back another. Over in one corner of the hall stood a fair-haired music teacher, and turning to her mother she said with a twinkle in her eyes, "The poor Juniors watched the whole performance and never realized until it was all over that the seniors had hoodooed them." But was it all over? The campus was alive with excitement, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen flying in every direction, while under the great arc light a curious group was gathered. There stood the four black-robed Seniors with solemn faces. At their feet stood the black box open, but empty. Around them were gathered twenty or thirty Juniors with amazement, chagrin and disgust on their faces. "How did that spade get out of that box?" thundered the brawny Junior. The four Seniors looked at each other with funeral faces and in one voice echoed, "How." What had become of Edworth, where was the spade, and how did it ever get out of the box?

(Continued next week.)

A Final Appeal for Starying India.

The cargo of corn, which Americans were asked to send to starving India, is now well on its way, in the big steamship Quito, which sailed May 10. The two hundred thousand bushels will go through the hands of American missionaries, directly to the starving. But what shall be done for the people before the corn reaches them the last of June, and after the corn is eaten? We must keep them alive by cabling money for immediate relief, and for food after the corn is consumed. Less than three dollars will now save and keep a man to the end of the famine. Will you not send a postal card to-day saying that you will try to raise \$20. If you fail, it will be in a good cause. You cannot fail in so holy an undertaking. Do not wait to get the money, but send us word you will undertake to do it. Send names or money to me at Springfield, Illinois, or to the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York. R. G. HOBBS.



A CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY
BEREA COLLEGE FOUNDED 1855
Over 20 teachers, 700 students (from 20 states.) Best Library in Kentucky. No Saloons.

DEPARTMENTS:

For those NOT sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

I. Trade Schools: Carpentry, Housework, Printing—two years.

II. Model Schools, preparing for Normal and the advanced courses.

For those sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

III. Farming and Agriculture, gardening, stock-raising, forestry, etc.—two years.

IV. Domestic Science—Sewing, Cooking, etc.—two years.

V. Normal Course for teachers—three years, with practice teaching.

VI. Academy Course—four years, fitting for College, for business, and for life.

For those more advanced: VII. College Courses—Classical, Philosophical, and Literary.

Adjunct Departments: VIII. Music—Read Organ, Choral (free), Vocal, Piano, Theory.

IX. Berea General Hospital—Two years' course in the care of the sick.

Berea places the best education in reach of all. It is a money-making institution. Its instruction is a free gift. It aims to help those who value education and help themselves, and charges a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction. Students must also pay for their board. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24, about half of which must be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations. For information or friendly advice address the Vice-President,

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL. D., Berea, Madison Co., Ky.